



Carnal Darkness by D3sire

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Summary: Smut-filled goodness! Because, why not!

1. Chapter 1

Author's Note: This is dedicated to all of you who have favored or followed me and my stories! It is also an apology for my lack of updating Dark Desire. While I may not update that frequently, rest assured I am still alive and working on the goodies for all you lovely ladies and gents. This is a stand alone, smut-filled goodness with our loveable, albeit psychotic Demonic duo (Smut to come in later chapters, for now, a cliff-hanger to get you all interested ;)). Please enjoy and R & R! ***Muah!***

Theme Song: Thrice - Black Honey

She watched from the shadows, fascinated as the tall, clownesque figure stood looming over one of the Losers. She couldn't tell which one it was. They were no longer children now and didn't appeal to her lovers sense of interest and yet, there he stood with a hunger looming in those eerie red and yellow eyes that had her nerves lit with anticipation, with need.

Desire...

Amanda, for the life of her, still couldn't grasp the fact that he was real and not just a figment of her overactive imagination. She heard Pennywise inhale deeply, a low growl rumbling from those bow like lips. She watched as they pulled back from the sharp front teeth in a sinister and creepy smile before that high-pitched chuckle echoed off the stone walls. Water dripped somewhere nearby, but she didn't care. Her attention was riveted.

"Welcome home, B-B-Billy boy!" His gaze shifted in her direction for a split second, but in that quick moment, she felt the heat of his stare as if he had branded her with a hot iron. Of course he knew she was there. He always knew where she was. They had a connection far deeper than anyone or anything on this world could fathom. With a jingle of bells, the Clown reached out with his left hand towards her, silently beckoning for her to come to him.

She could smell Bill's fear as she peeled her lithe frame away from

the cover of darkness. It back-peddled to confusion when his eyes came into focus on her presence. Denbrough had grown from a scrawny, stuttering teen to a seemingly formidable man of forty. He had packed on a bit of weight, but it seemed to be a healthy, semi-fit weight. Had he kept in shape in case the Clown had returned to Derry? It was certainly possible. Amanda watched in silent amusement as his gaze roamed over her from head to toe, no doubt wondering **why** she was in the presence of Pennywise and **not** running in fear.

Long, wavy jet black hair fell to her slim waist in thick curls. Her slender frame was enveloped in simple, casual black clothing, what appeared to be yoga pants and a long sleeved shirt. Her feet were strangely bare, toes painted as black as those lethal sharp nails. But what struck Denbrough as even stranger than her presence, was the fact that the Clown enveloped her in his embrace, circling his long arms around her and pulling her into him. Not to feed, or harm. Oh no. It was a show of affection. That much was obvious by the way Pennywise looked at her. Since when did he have such emotions other than living to feed?

"I see alot has changed since I was last down here." Bill commented, his eyes drifting back to the Clown.

"Ooohhh, you have no idea, Billy boy."

Much to his shock and amazement, he watched as Pennywise brushed his lips across the girl's forehead.

"I'm still not afraid of you." He stated, sounding almost proud even as he remained laying back on the dirt strewn filth of the cistern floor where he had fallen in his haste to get away from the Clown's sudden appearance.

"No, perhaps not." But such a notion didn't wipe the wicked grin off of his face. "But I guarantee my Precious here will make you fear greatly."

Amanda stepped away from her lover, sauntering with liquid grace towards the man laying upon the ground. Each step she took closer to Bill seemed to instill dread into his very bones. He felt the chill of it

creep up from his toes, slowly grabbing a hold of him inch by inch until he felt leaden.

"W-who is s-she?" Was his stutter back again?! Not after all this time and hard work on correcting it!

He thrusts his fists against the posts...

"And still insists he sees the ghosts." The girl said in a sing-song taunt. Her voice rich and methodical as she spoke. How had she read that from his mind?!

"She is like me, Billy boy. So much like me." The Clown sounded...proud. "She was made to be my equal. When you left me weak, she made me strong. So much stronger."

Suddenly, the girl was just suddenly there, crouching over him. How had she moved that fast when she was human? She was crouched like an animal above his waist; what he had thought were dark eyes, blazing fiercely red and yellow.

"Jesus Christ!" He shouted, unable to contain the cry of shock that assailed him.

Pennywise laughed in glee, even as the girl's lips pulled back from hundreds of sharp teeth that filled her mouth...

2. Chapter 2

Author's Note: Dedicated to: rakill This is for all the reviews on Dark Desire, and your subtle request to read a smexy scene between Amanda and Pennywise in his Clown form. ;) Do hope you enjoy. Think I have decided that DD may be complete. How about Carnal Desire as a sequel? **R & R** my lovelies!

Theme Song: Marilyn Mason - Sweet Dreams

She had done it to mock him, to spike that fear. But they were not done with him yet, not by a long shot. He knew that much as he sat fastened securely to what had once been an over stuffed chair, but was now ratty and torn with the years that passed. He had tried several times to get his arms and legs free, but all attempts had miserably failed. Just like he had failed in destroying IT. He still didn't know who this woman was or what she was doing with the Clown, but it was obvious there was a connection between them. He had never once seen the Clown be almost...*humble*.

IT showed those emotions now as he embraced the woman with both lengthy arms, gloved fingers fastening securely to Amanda's shapely backside. With a growl, Pennywise in all his Clown form glory, pulled her up against him and lifted her with ease. Her legs slipped around his waist, anchoring herself to him.

"I warned you once before not to playing games with me, Precious. I **will** take you in front of Billy Boy." He warned with a husky, growl, one that pitched his voice deeper than she had ever heard it sound before. A smirk pulled at her lips as a dark flash passed across those demonic yellow eyes of hers. She was intrigued by such a thought, was she? Without warning, Pennywise pinned her none too gently against the wall closest to where Denbrough sat tied to a chair, mouth muffled by a scrap of cloth, eyes wide with fear and, was that curiosity? The Clown released his hold on her, spinning her to face the wall as soon as her feet touched the ground.

"Then do it." She challenged, feeling his breath against her ear. Though he kept her in place with his long fingers digging into her

hips, she leaned her body back, ensuring that there was no space between them and she could feel the evidence of his desire against her. Her head tilted further back when one of his hands flashed up and gripped her hair. Her breath hitched in her throat when he pulled her back by the hair.

"I will not be gentle.." He warned, a fine thread keeping him holding back, if only just barely.

"Take. Me." Amanda growled out through clenched teeth. It was an inhuman sound that seemed to snap down Pennywise's spine like a jolt of electricity. He instantly hardened, painfully. The hand that rested at her hip immediately shifted, a lengthening claw ripping the black leggings she wore with the ease of a hot knife through butter. The loud sound of them shredding echoing in their ears. He felt the scalding heat of her even through the dull grey costume he wore on his lanky frame. He turned her to face him, claws digging into the backs of her bare thighs, lifting her with a shred of aggression and almost desperation. Her back propped against the wall, she felt herself shift higher as he nearly sat her on his shoulders.

The heat of his breath when he exhaled against her throbbing core was enough to have her breath shudder out in a rush and a shiver run down her spine. The Clown snarled a split second before he devoured her. Mouth, lips, tongue, teeth. He spared nothing as he consumed her. Her scream of both pleasure and shock sang sweetly in his ears. A rumble roared up from his throat and vibrated through her. Her hands slapped against the stone behind her, nails clawing at it for purchase, but Pennywise was relentless. His teeth scraped against her clit. The pain-pleasure of it caused her hips to buck against him, another scream tearing its way from her mouth. Between one second and the next, she exploded, rocketing to her release in an unexpected torrent of fire.

But he wasn't done with her yet, not by a long shot.

He released her back onto watery legs, shifting her once more to face the wall she had just been clawing. He slid his palm up along the length of her spine to stop just between her shoulder blades and pushed, leaning her forward. There was another loud rip as he freed himself from the front of the costume and immediately slammed the

full length of his arousal into her still thrumming entrance. They both cried out, the Clown dropping to press his forehead against her shoulder.

She was so tight, engulfing every inch of him like a velvet glove. Her body was so hot that he felt the molten heat of it down to his toes. But she fit him perfectly...

"Yes." He heard her whimper. He knew that she enjoyed the feel of him buried as far inside of her as he could go, even if he didn't move at all. She liked knowing that he filled her. With a powerful shift of his hips, he ground himself against her, relishing in the deep gasp that echoed past her lips. And he hadn't even moved an inch out of her! He repeated the gesture more strongly this time and the powerful moan that escaped her was almost his undoing.

Again and again. Each time his hips ground against her, they increased in intensity and speed. Each second that passed by, the quivering in Amanda's body increased.

"Harder." She begged in a breathless whisper. He obliged, this time sliding a bare inch of himself back and out of her heated embrace. He thrust forward, ending the motion with a harsh grind against her. She screamed again, nails digging into the stone before her hard enough to split, nearly breaking off at the quick. His fingers tangled in her hair and pulled her back against him as he continued the motion of his hips. The pace increased until the sound of their harsh breathing mingled with the slap of flesh against flesh.

Between one thrust and the next, Amanda came violently apart at the seams, her release soaring through her with an intensity she had never felt. The warmth of her release mingled with his and she could feel the heat of it deep inside her. Her gaze shifted, latching onto Denbrough for a brief moment. He immediately averted his gaze, but not before she caught the flash of arousal in his eyes.

"It seems Billy Boy enjoyed the show." Came the Clown's voice rumbling in her ear but loud enough to be heard in the room. "Shall we give him another?"

3. Chapter 3

Author's Note: A long awaited update. My apologies ladies and gents, but life got the best of me again. To make up for it, I decided to post this juicy yet small chapter in hopes that it will make amends for my absence. And yes, I am leaving you on another cliff hanger. ;) It's what I do. ;P Don't hate. Do enjoy!

Bill couldn't help the searing, erotic images that flashed in his brain. He shook his head for perhaps the millionth time, trying to erase the mental imprint of the Clown and that woman. It seemed that this time, Pennywise was stronger than the last time they had encountered him nearly thirty years ago. Was this woman the source of IT's growing power? Too many questions but with no answers in sight, yet.

Amanda let the tip of her index finger trace over Denbrough's shoulder. She got a thrill when he jumped, seeming as if he had been scalded by a hot iron poker. She couldn't help the chuckle that escaped. It was breathy, almost as if she had merely sniffed the air.

"There are a lot of things that I could and would kill for. Self preservation, food, defense of a loved one." She paused for a moment, moving around the man still tied in the chair. Her footsteps were silent and her movements fluidly graceful. "You know," Again that breathy laughter. "It astounds me that people are still willing to destroy something that they do not understand. The being you call IT; Pennywise, was only doing what it was in his instincts to do. Survive. Yes, his food source was children, especially those seasoned by fear. But that was his way to survive. Just as yours is to consume the meat of other animals. It is survival, it is nature. Everything must consume something else in order to thrive."

She stopped, standing before him wrapped in a rather long, somewhat ratty t-shirt and still managed to make it look sensual.

"If I could, I would without a doubt hunt each and everyone of you down like the prey that you are." She gave a soft sigh. "But I can not. Not at this point and time, any rate. You see, I have a; shall we say,

delicate matter to inform the Cult of Chud. I am carrying life. A life created; despite what we are or how we may seem to you, by love. And I will protect that life to the ends of this world or the next." She leaned forward, place both of her arms over his where they remained tied to the arms of the chair. Her fingers dug painfully into his flesh, the sharp nails drawing blood. She placed her face level with his, Demonic yellow eyes searing into his own with the fire of her ire.

"We need to come to an understanding with this Cult, Denbrough. Or the entirety of it will be destroyed. If I was not with child, I would not be talking to you as I am. I would be feasting on your flesh while eating your fears. You may think we are abominations that can not show human emotion, but you are so wrong. We feel perhaps more strongly than mortality. If the Cult continues to come after us, they will meet their demise far sooner."

"They will meet their demise regardless." Came Pennywise's voice from behind her.

She stood up, glancing over her shoulder at him as he moved towards her, encircling her waist from behind as the palm of his right hand slid across her abdomen. His long fingers splayed out and he felt the faint jolt of new life through his fingertips. It was on a subconscious level, but still remained strong.

"Why did you not tell me?" He whispered against her ear, lips moving against the lobe as the trickle of his breath trailed along the line of her throat.

"It was something I only just sensed myself." She replied, sliding her hand over his forearm to allow her much smaller fingers to slip through the spaces between his.

"Mmm. I like the thought of you carrying my spawn."

"Spawn? Seriously?"

He chuckled, the taunting pitch of it never failing to send a shiver down her spine. "That is what the Cult will refer to it as. The Spawn of Satan!" He teased, shifting his voice to take on a more deep, authoritative tone much like a preacher would do during a sermon.